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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SEVENTEEN

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SEVENTEEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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...YOU KNOW, THAT DUDE, WE CAUGHT HIM IN DETROIT THAT TIME...

YEAH.

SHIT, WHAT THE FUCK WAS HIS NAME? GODDAMNDEST LOOKIN' MUTHAFUCKA, HAD LIKE A--

YEAH.

LOOK, MATE, IF YOU WANNA STAND HERE TALKIN' BOLLOCKS ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS ALL AFTERNOON, FINE. BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GO IN THERE EVENTUALLY.

...YEAH.

I'LL COME BACK AN' PICK YOU UP IN THE MORNIN', ALL RIGHT?

MOMMA?

IT'S ME, MOMMA.

GOOD FOR THE SOUL part three

AXE.

AXE?

AYE, RIGHT, YOU'RE GONNA GET AN AXE. *YOU'RE* GONNA CUT SOME LAD'S HEAD OFF WI' THE FUCKIN' THING, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...!

ASK BUTCHER... EXCEPT THE WHOLE BLOODY POINT IS TO DO IT *WITHOUT* BUTCHER...

I THINK HE WAS CRYING.

CRYING?

WELL, HE HAD TEARS COMING OUT OF HIS EYES, IT'S WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE...

HE'S JUST BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD, IT COULD'VE BEEN FUCKING EMBALMING FLUID! JESUS...!

OR CUM. TWO OF YOU MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME?

FUCK YOU, DOGKNOTT! THAT'S YOUR GAME, YOU COCKSUCKER, YOU AND OUR ILLUSTRIOUS LEADER!

ME AND BLARNEY COCK WERE STRAIGHT AS **AAAOW!**

WATCH YOUR MOUTH...

OH YEAH, BIG GAME, BIG **MAN!** YOU WEREN'T SUCH HOT SHIT WHEN THAT ENGLISH BASTARD CAVED YOUR FACE IN, WERE YOU?

WHACK JOB, I AM FUCKING WARNING YOU--

CAN WE ALL JUST PUT OUR DICKS AWAY FOR ONE MINUTE? PLEASE?

TELL ME: IF YOU ACTUALLY HAD A DICK, WOULD IT HAVE LOTS OF LITTLE CUTS UP THE SHAFT?

FUCK YOU.

THE POINT IS HE'S **GONE**, CAN WE ALL AT LEAST AGREE ON THAT MUCH?

GOOD.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?

CALL VOUGHT?

NO FUCKING WAY DO WE CALL VOUGHT...

THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES, WE CAN'T COPE ON OUR--

YOU DON'T THINK THE SHIP MIGHT ALREADY'VE SAILED ON THAT ONE?

ALL RIGHT, KNOCK IT OFF. HE'S A REANIMATED CORPSE WITH SOMETHING LIKE THREE PERCENT OF ORIGINAL BRAIN FUNCTION: WHAT CAN HE DO, REALLY?

AND HOW DIFFICULT IS IT GOING TO BE FOR THE SIX OF US--WORKING TOGETHER--TO CATCH HIM?

DID DOCTOR CARLIN SAY ANYTHING...?

FEED HIM AND CLEAN HIM. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN TOO MANY OF THESE, THEY'RE STILL FIGURING A LOT OF STUFF OUT.

THE SEVEN AND THE G-MEN HAVE HAD LIKE ONE EACH, WE COULD ALWAYS TRY TALKING TO THEM...

YOU KNOW WHAT THE SEVEN WOULD DO TO YOU IF YOU EVEN FUCKING MENTIONED THE LAMPLIGHTER...?

SHITE.

THIS IS NO' YOU, HUGHIE.

THIS IS NO' YOU AT ALL.

WAMAHAMMA...

THERE YOU ARE.

MY LADY...?

I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOU SHIT ABOUT MISSING THE MEETING YESTERDAY.

LET'S NOT AND SAY WE DID. SHIT GIVEN.

I'M SORRY, I WAS--

I DON'T CARE.

DID I MISS ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

PROBABLY.

WELL... THANK YOU...

WHAT FOR?

PISS-BOY...

COMING RIGHT UP, MY LADY!

...CANCELLED THE WHOLE THING, HE ISN'T COMING AT ALL?

IF HE'S NOT MAKING THE SPEECH, WHAT REASON HAS HE TO COME HERE?

OH, I DON'T KNOW...AVOIDING MAKING US LOOK LIKE SHIT, MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

I MEAN I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY THE SPEECH GOT NIXED; I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA ALL ALONG. NOT THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A GOOD SOLDIER ABOUT IT.

BUT TO BE BLOWN OFF BY THE V.P...

LIVE WITH IT. AND DON'T THINK THE SPEECH IS GOING AWAY, EITHER, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE.

WHAT OUGHT TO CONCERN YOU IS HOW THE PRESIDENT'S PEOPLE FOUND OUT.

BECAUSE NEED-TO-KNOW ON THIS ONE WAS VIC'S OFFICE, ME, AND YOU.

WELL, VIC'S--

THOSE PEOPLE?

COME ON.

FUCK...!

I MEAN OKAY, MAYBE A-TRAIN OR JACK--BUT WITH WHAT THEY STAND TO LOSE, WHY WOULD *ANYONE*--

YOU'RE NOT THINKING.

WHOEVER IT WAS GOT WORD TO DAKOTA BOB THROUGH CHANNELS. THEY DIDN'T GO TO THE MEDIA, WHICH WOULD BE BOTH CHEAP AND OBVIOUS.

SO IT WAS A SHOT. A SUBTLE ONE, FRUSTRATING THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN AGENDA, CAUSING INTERNAL RATHER THAN PUBLIC EMBARASSMENT.

DOES THAT SOUND LIKE A-TRAIN OR JACK?

SO THE FUCKING PLACE IS BUGGED? BY *WHO?*

BECAUSE I--

YOU SURPRISE ME, HOMELANDER.

YOU WEREN'T THIS SLOW ON THE UPTAKE WHEN TEENAGE KIX HAD THEIR LITTLE MISHAP LAST YEAR.

GETTING TO BE A HABIT OF YOURS.

LISTENING AT KEYHOLES.

I AM *SO* EMBARASSED...

I MEAN... I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

HUGHIE, I'M *SORRY*--

DON'T BE DAFT, IT WAS YOUR FIRST TIME ON THE BEVVY. I'M SURPRISED YOU WEREN'T CLIMBIN' THE WALLS.

YOU'RE NO' UNDERAGE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, ARE YOU? 'CAUSE I DON'T WANNA GET DONE FOR SUPPLYIN' ALCOHOL TO A MINOR...

YOU WON'T.

I REALLY LIKE YOU, HUGHIE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, I BARELY KNOW YOU. ALSO I'M THE WORST JUDGE OF CHARACTER IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.

BUT YOU SEEM LIKE YOU MIGHT BE SOMEONE... TRUE.

YOU CAN'T BE THE W--

TRUST ME.

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING VERY SMALL BUT VERY REAL BETWEEN US. AND THAT'S PRECIOUS.

I GET THE SENSE YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME BAD STUFF, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING--ANYTHING--TO HURT YOUR HEART MORE THAN IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALREADY.

BUT I NEED YOU TO PROMISE ME THE SAME THING, HUGHIE, BECAUSE I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF ANY MORE MEANNESS OR CRUELTY. I JUST CAN'T.

IF THE WORLD REALLY IS THE WAY I'VE COME TO THINK IT IS, WHAT'S BETWEEN US IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

...JINGS...

IF I'M WRONG--

YOU'RE NO' WRONG.

I'M JUST A WEE BIT SCARED O'... JUMPIN'...

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO PUSH YOU, HUGHIE.

PROMISE ME.

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH HIM?

OH, I, I JUST FANCIED A PET, YOU KNOW...

HE'S CUTE.

AYE, HIS NAME'S JAMIE. I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO KEEP HIM A SECRET, BUT THEY EVEN FEED HIM WHEN I'M AWAY AN' ALL.

LISTEN, ARE YOU ***SURE*** YOU'RE ALL RIGHT HERE...?

WE CAN'T GO TO MY PLACE, HUGHIE.

SORRY.

AYE, BUT...

I...HEH.

I DON'T... HAVE VERY MUCH...

EXPERIENCE...

I DO.

AH

AH

OH GOD--
HUGHIE--

NO ONE
EVER--

AAAAAAAAHHH...!

STOP THE CAR, MATE.

TAXI FARE

$ 2.50	INITIAL CHARGE
40¢	Per 1/5 Mile
40¢	Per 2 Minutes Stopped/Slow traffi
$ 1.00	Weekday Surcharge 4 pm - 8 pm
50¢	Night Surcharge 8 pm - 6 am

WANNA WALK FOR A BIT?

NO.

THAT'S IT.

MUTHAFUCK...

THIS SHIT *EVER* GONNA BE OVER?

YOU WANT IT TO BE?

SICK FUCKIN' THING IS, I CAN FEEL IT WORKIN'. AIN'T BEEN TEN MINUTES SINCE I WALKED OUTTA THERE AN' I FEEL *BUZZED*...

LIKE I WANNA FEEL LIKE SHIT, I WANNA BE FUCKIN' *DISGUSTED*-- BUT--

YOU KNOW WHO LIVES 'ROUND HERE?

...NO.

HUH?

WANNA GIVE HUGHIE A LIFT TO WORK?

MOTEL

DAMN.

CHARMIN', INNIT?

FUCKSAKE, HUGHIE, SINCE WHEN DO YOU SWITCH YOUR BLEEDIN' PHONE OFF...?

'FUCK IS HE DOIN' HERE?

I'LL HAVE TO NIP UP AN' GET HIM--OH, HE THINKS IT'S AUTHENTIC, OR SOMETHIN'. THE REAL NEW YORK, LIKE THESE DICKHEADS'RE ALWAYS SAYIN' THEY MISS SO MUCH...

HUH.

GET YOURSELF MUGGED OR RAPED OR SOME SHIT, THEN WE GONNA TALK ABOUT *REAL*...

TWO MINUTES.

UHHH...?

COME ON--!

6A

UHHH...

ABOUT BLOODY TIME! AN' WHAT'D I SAY TO YOU ABOUT SWITCHIN' YOUR--

WHAT...?

NOTHIN', MATE.

I'LL, UH, I'LL JUST...I'VE GOT A TAXI WAITIN'.

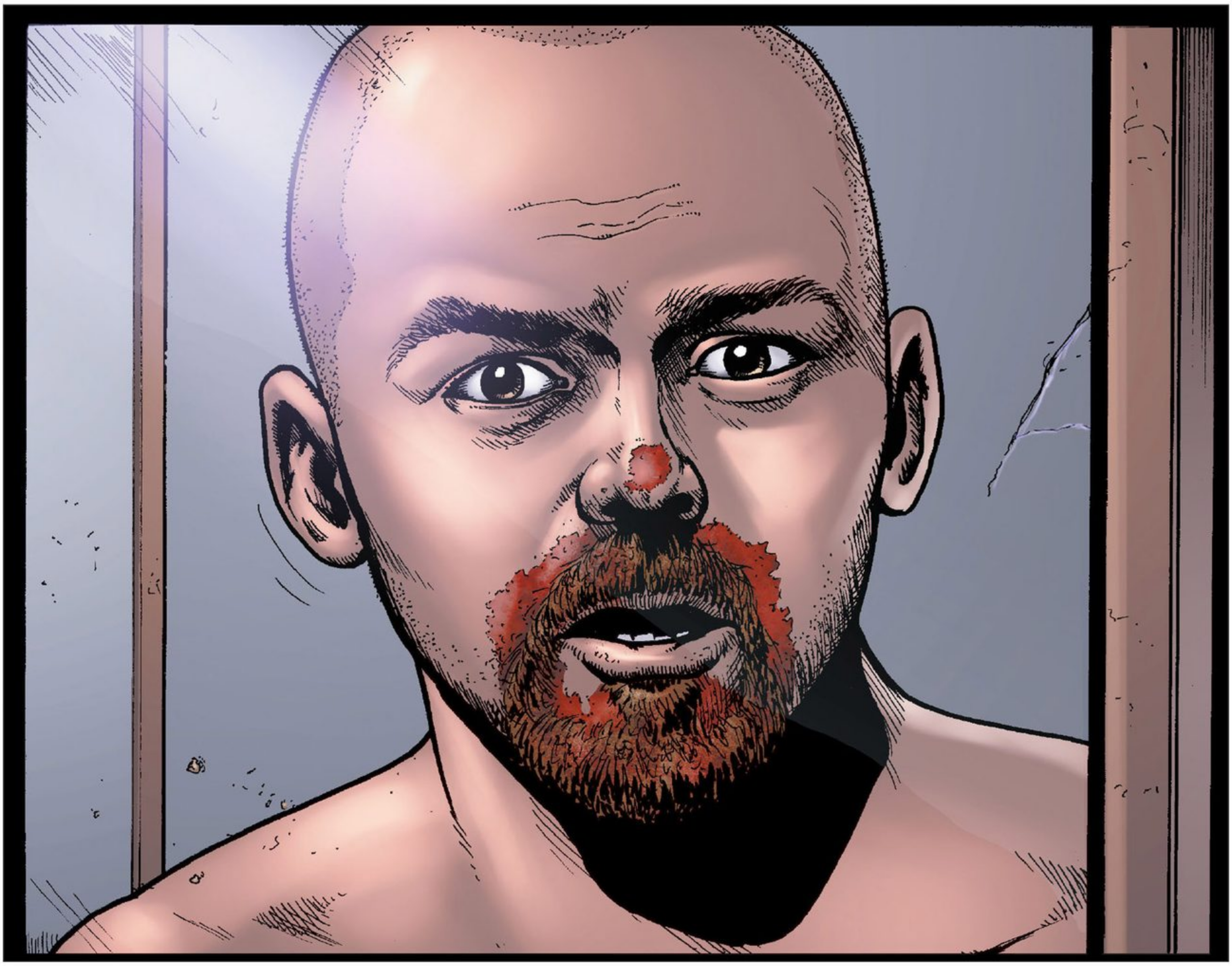
TAKE YOUR TIME.

?

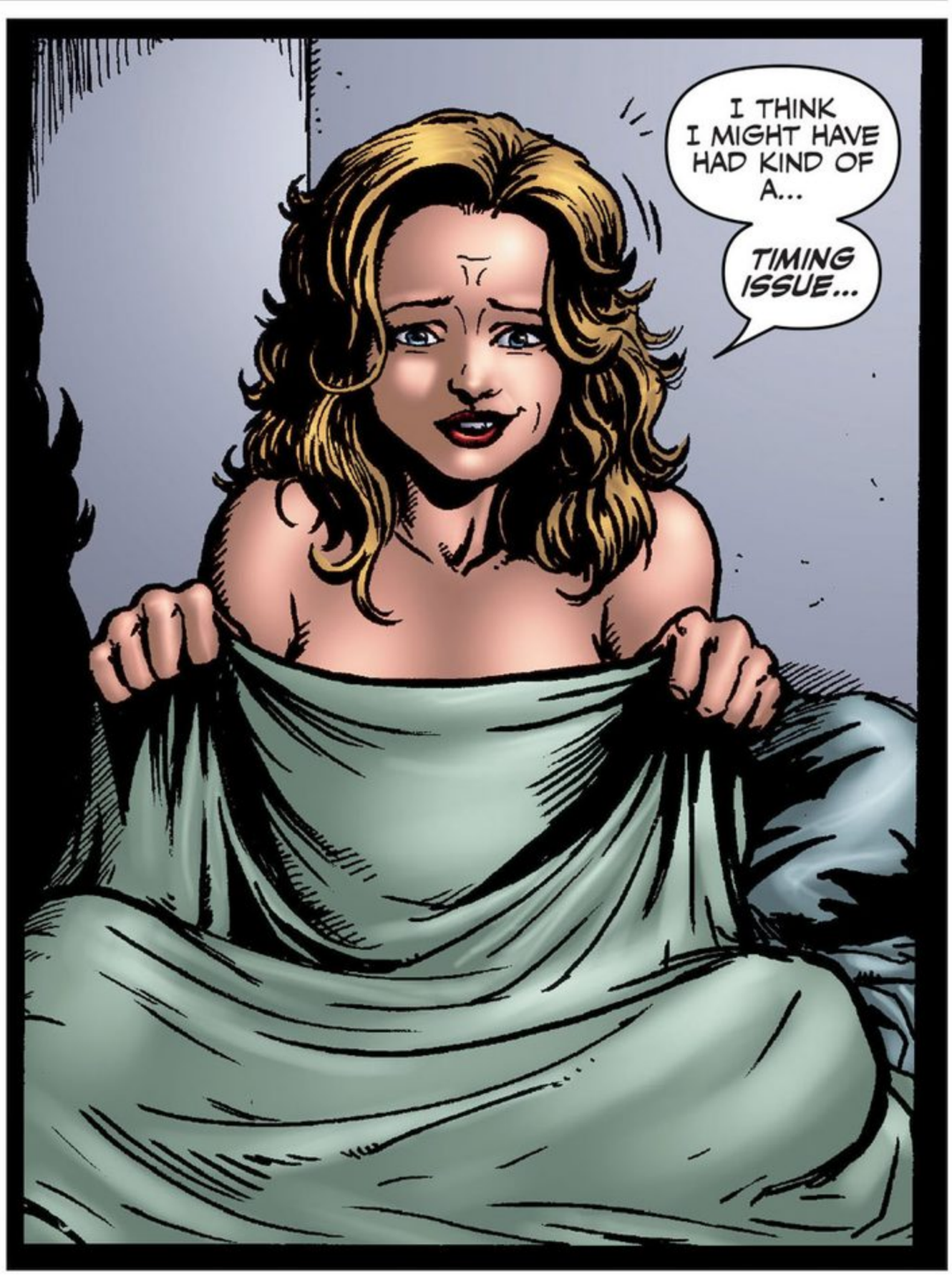
WHO WAS THAT...?

JUST MY BOSS.

GIVE US A SECOND HERE...



AW NO.
UM... HUGHIE?


I THINK I MIGHT HAVE HAD KIND OF A...
TIMING ISSUE...

YOU HAD TO--

HA!!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!

NFF NFF

NFF NFF

WAMAHAMMA...

6A

WAMA*HAMMA*...

WAMAHAMMA...!

6A

AH--

AH--

AH WANNND MAH HAMMZDAH BAGGGKK...!

next: BATTLE WITHOUT HONOR OR HUMANITY